buried in the garden, where many other good men lie unknown. You will believe my intelligence when I tell you I am the public executioner, sent for to put yon to death. Therefore, mount your horse and return home or to whatever place you think the most secure.'* The nobleman shook him heartily by the hand, and, taking his advice, galloped back to Paris without minding either wind or rain.

The Cardinal kept up great state, and one day, at the Duchess de Chevreuse's, the Marquis de Conflans made remarks before him on the ostentation of his having his train borne by a chevalier de St. Louis. The cardinal replied that it was the custom always to have one as *"Gentilhomme Caudataire.* The predecessor of the present one," added he with a sneer, "bore the name and arms of Conflans."

"Je n'en doute pas," said the Marquis; "car il y a longtems qu'il se trouve dans ma famille de pauvres h&res, dans le cas de tirer le diable par la queue."

When the King of Sweden was at Paris the courtiers turned him into ridicule, as

they do
everybody. "Enfin," said M. de C ,
"c'est
un roi " —" Couronn6," interrupted a
cautious
friend, in order to put a stop to his
invectives.